

Broken Hearts

Book Eight



Broken Hearts



For those who think that art is more than a monetized commodity, or a mere exercise in art history, but rather an exploration of ideas and visual experience

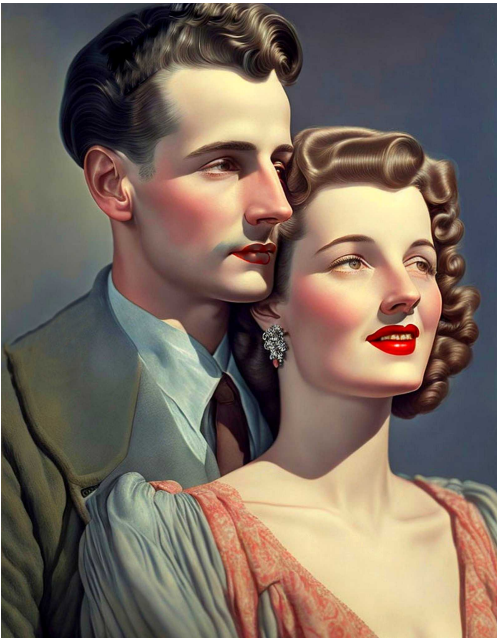
Volume 8 in a Series

Written and Illustrated by David Edwin Hill

(with gratitude to Rose Marie Hill for her support and assistance)

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1



My life, a long journey, to get to this place.
Yet thoughts of my parents, I cannot erase.
Often I think of them, and sometimes I weep.
And sometimes they're near, in dreams as I sleep.

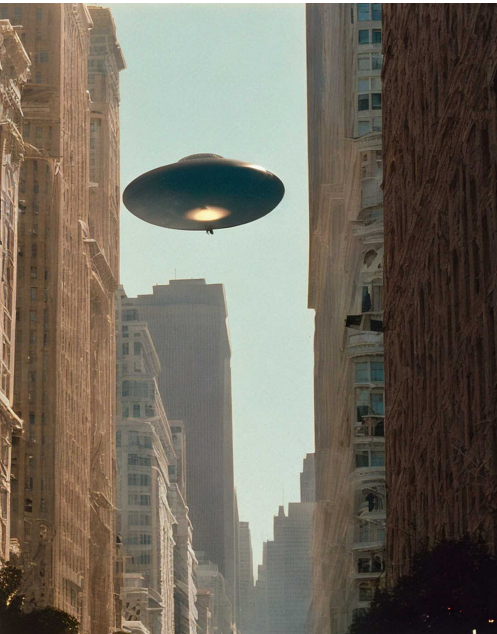
Parents are there, for our protection,
Always so odd, and not our selection.
We take them for granted, the things that they do,
As we notice their quirks, the things we eschew.

Looking back on them now, I see no perfection,
Just striving, or hoping, or human dejection.
The stories they had, never were told,
As one died so young, and the other grew old.

As I grow older, I clearly can see,
They were just people, like you and like me.
If they were here now, I wish I could hear,
The secrets they kept, each hope and each fear.



2



Unexplained sightings have long given birth,
To tales of strange aliens, circling the Earth,
Their flying saucers, so silent and fast,
Driven by creatures, with intelligence so vast.

Many speak of conspiracy, of evil intent,
A government that hides every flying event.
Others may think, though their own induction,
That they have been subject to alien abduction.

Still others swear, as they look around,
These alien creatures in our midst abound.
Said to run all our countries and schools,
A secret society of alien ghouls.

The alien encounter has captured our nation,
Perhaps just an effect of imagination,
But alien intelligence cannot be prevented,
It now lives in machines, the ones we invented.



3



In far-flung realms of time and space,
We are a fragile, human race,
So from the safety of our globe,
We journey far, with each space probe.

But momentum must still be conserved,
As a power source must be preserved.
If we want our craft to forward rush,
We need some kind of rearward thrust.

To get this thrust, something is thrown,
Into the void, a place unknown,
With speed as great as it can be,
So, in reverse, our probe runs free.

Whether ion, plasma, or proton force,
This journey needs a power source.
If mysteries are to be unraveled,
A vast expanse must first be traveled.

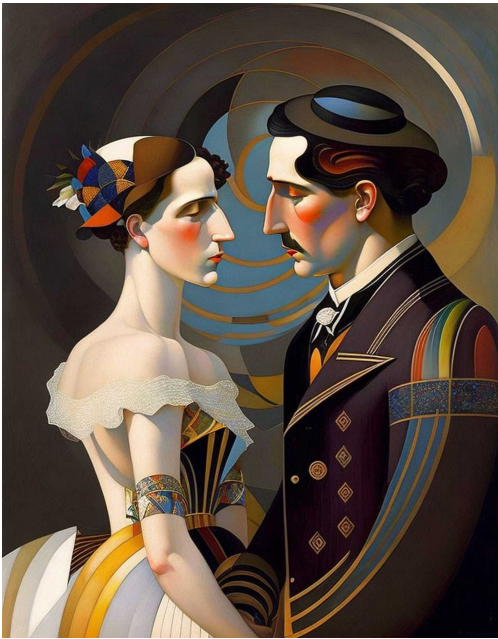


Once mighty Zeus did cast his gaze,
On Leda, queen of Spartan grace.
And so was born, from their embrace,
A beauty of the Spartan race.

For Helen was without compare,
Her beauty great, so very fair.
But just as fate writes each life's play,
Helen sailed with Paris, far away.

A thousand ships sailed on the sea,
To Troy, and Helen's destiny.
Drawn by her beauty, undenied,
Heroes fought, and heroes died.

In battle waged by spear and shield,
A profound truth thereby revealed.
That tho' we seek beguiling charm,
Beauty oft' brings bitter harm.



5



In our tangled cast of hearts and souls,
Ethereal figures play mysterious roles.
On strange carousels, personalities unfold,
With human connections, both warm and cold.

Behold this motley crew, with a curious charm,
Idiosyncrasies sounding melodic alarms,
Each like a word in some lost lexicon,
And we have no idea, what's going on.

There's a jocund jester, his laughter cascades,
A kaleidoscope of mirth in his boisterous parades.
Then a certified oracle, so wise and profound,
Whose words, like ink spilled on parchment, astound.

In this harlequin pantheon, they all intertwine,
Their stories etched on life's fragile design,
For in the great tapestry of human relations,
We glimpse the sublime through their variations.





6



Here is one figment of our imagination,
The appearance of an alien nation.
For far out in the distant void,
We think the creatures humanoid.

Within our minds, they take a form,
As we dwell upon our human norm.
But truth eludes, and they are unknown,
In alien realms, their secrets are sown.

Countless worlds they roam, diverse and rare,
These evolving creations with celestial flair.
An artist's palette, infinite and vast,
Painting life's tapestry from first to last.

For life knows no end, no limit or bound,
As our own kind transforms, reborn and profound.
And there is one truth, one we may fear,
That better designs are not found in a mirror.



7

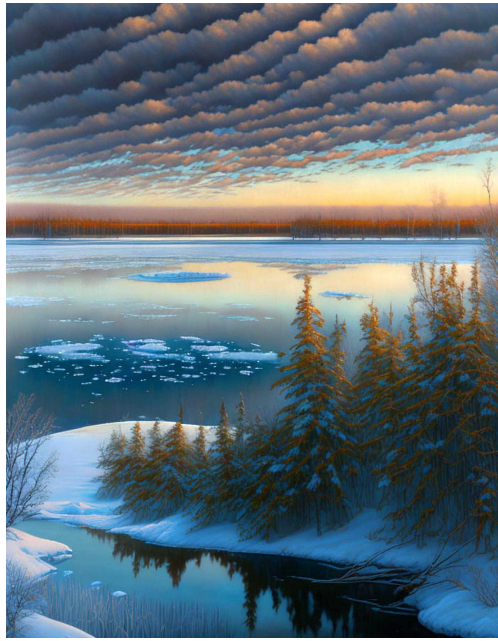


In nature's realm where wonders unfold,
Cells dance and weave their stories untold.
Intricate patterns emerge with grace,
Geometry's touch, a divine embrace.

Within the tapestry of life's design,
Cells embark on a journey so fine.
They gather, they divide, they intertwine,
Creating structures that truly shine.

Spirals unfurl, Fibonacci's delight,
From sunflowers' petals to seashells bright.
Cells spin their tales, a numerical grace,
Unveiling patterns, a symphony in space.

Through branching pathways, cells navigate,
Neurons connecting, thoughts propagate.
From trees extending their leafy domain,
Cells intertwine, life's intricate chain.



8



In the North Country, where winds do howl,
And nature's breath turns cold and foul,
A season of beauty, a wondrous sight,
As snowflakes dance in dim sunlight.

Silent whispers of winter's approach,
Caress the land with an icy touch.
Lakes surrender to the frigid embrace,
As crystal sheets form with delicate grace.

The world transforms, a dreamscape unfolds,
Where silence reigns and stories are told.
Beneath a sky, adorned in silver and blue,
Nature paints a portrait, fresh and anew.

The trees stand tall, adorned in white,
Their branches bending, gleaming in light.
A tapestry woven in frosty white lace,
Nature's masterpiece, an ethereal embrace.



There once was a dancer, by name she was Alice,
Known to all those who dwelt in the Imperial Palace,
People well-known by their sums of great worth,
Not by their virtue, but by title and birth.

Alice drew raves with each curtain call,
And she wowed all who came, to the Imperial Ball.
This dancing alone brought her much fame, it seems,
But she was known more, for her stories and dreams.

For Alice, who spoke with a soft, lilting voice,
Told all who would listen, their story of choice.
She told wonders, of lands that she would conceive,
Each tale so fantastic, tho' none could believe.

Alice was kind, so had a tradition,
To speak with the public, not just the patrician.
So her tales were writ, as childhood fiction,
By a young man named Charles, a mathematician.





10



In realms of old, where legends yet dwell,
Born of the Norse, a tale I shall tell.
Loki, the trickster, with guile profound,
And Baldur, the radiant, his love unbound.

Loki, a shrewd and shape-shifting sprite,
Master of chaos, with cunning his might.
Baldur, fair and blessed by his grace,
The gods revered him, his light they embraced.

Yet Loki, consumed by cruel envy's flame,
Conspired with mistletoe, a sinister game.
A dart fashioned sharp, to guide by deceit,
To seal Baldur's fate, his life to deplete.

Grief swelled the heavens, tears poured like rain,
For Baldur, the lost, their cries filled the plain.
Bound by their sorrow, the gods sought to claim,
Loki, the culprit, and bring him to shame.



I've often heard of Chelsea's fame,
A President's daughter even carries that name.
And Joni once wrote of streets so bright,
A place to be, both day and night.

I'm not quite sure where this might be,
Manhattan Isle, or across the sea.
By Hudson River, or the River Thames,
Distant places, yet by the same name.

Each place, a legend so amplified,
And both, most certainly gentrified,
Places that I could n'er afford,
Not restaurant, nor room and board.

Leonard Cohen once wrote of this scene,
His unmade bed, and street limousines.
That was New York, a place not so far,
Perhaps I could travel there, one day by car.



12



We have been told, no absolute motion,
All movement is relative, in our cosmic ocean.
But as we move faster, we slow down our clocks,
And thus we encounter the twin paradox.

For as our two twins move apart from each other,
Both have the same speed, the one and the other.
Which one is moving, and which one stands still,
We cannot decide, tho' we might will.

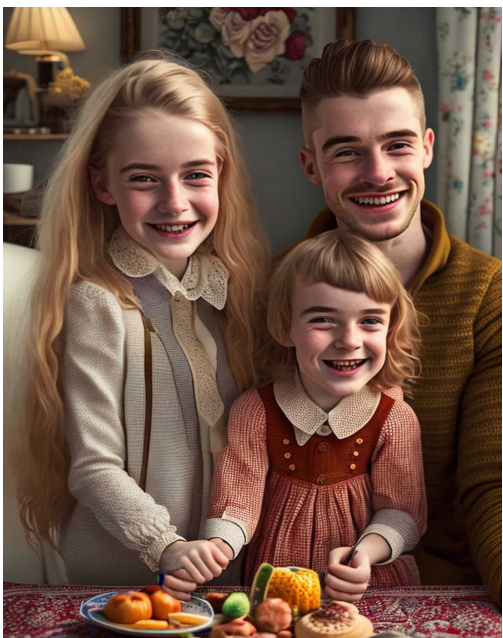


Yet when reunited, and they no longer roamed,
The one was much younger than the other at home.
How could this be, if they moved just the same?
What were the rules that governed this game?

Change, it turns out, is the thing we must blame,
For the acceleration we feel, changes the frame.
And the twin who appeared to move more in space,
Moved less in time, than the other in place.



13



When I go out each week, to shop for my plunder,
It seems that the people just keep getting younger.
For once it appeared they were all my own age,
But now youth has arrived, and it owns the stage.

The older ones just cannot be seen,
Mostly the young, and some in-between.
Where they are kept, I simply don't know.
It could be some place, where I never go.

Yet we all live in a country that ages,
That's what we're told by all of our sages.
But if this is true, then something is wrong.
Perhaps older ones dance to a different song.

It could be, they're all just shopping from home,
With no car to drive, or no need to roam.
Our streets are now filled with delivery trucks,
And that might explain our elderly flux.

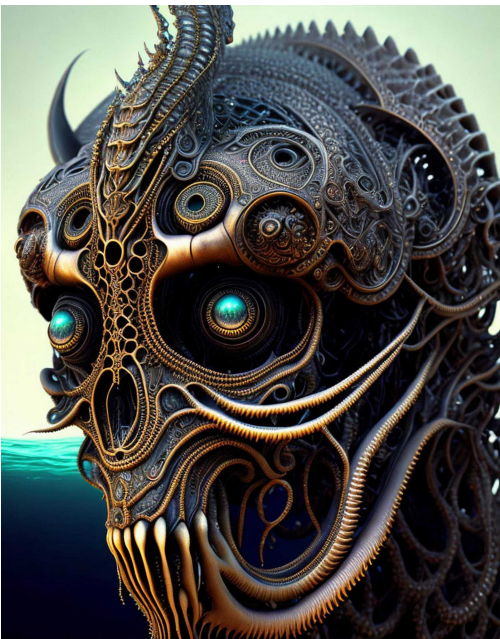


We have three eyes, tho' the third we don't see,
For it's hidden away, in our brain cavity.
It gets all its data from the other two,
To maintain daily cycles, the things that we do.

We can see only forward with eyes of our kind,
And to all other directions, we are so blind.
But why not more eyes, why not at least four?
We could see all directions, if we had more.

Some creatures like us, that have but the two,
With one on each side, the wider the view,
But when to our ourselves, they are compared,
Their binocular vision seems highly impaired.

Perhaps we should consider a better design,
Like cameras in back, our sight to refine,
Or even with mirrors, we could see in reverse.
The idea has been tried, so it's not too perverse.

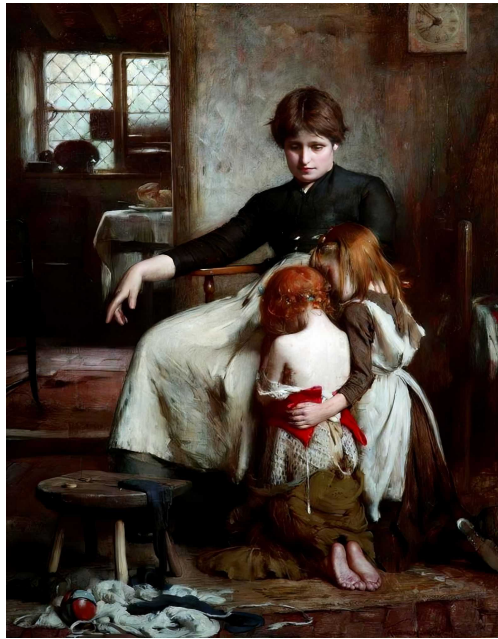


We're not always so nice, as we're seemin',
Sometimes we even exercise a demon.
We're then supposed to take control,
Exorcise, send that demon below.

For demons come from time to time,
A jealous thought, not so sublime.
More often still, they block our sight,
So we care not, to see what's right.

If one did have a demon friend,
It's said their grief would never end,
And so, with all our hue and cry,
All our demons, we deny.

But demons are a subtle sort,
As to deceit they do resort.
So in all things that we might do,
They find a way to work, anew.



16



With reverence we bow in prayer,
In deference to one out there,
For tho' it seems we are the all,
In truth we are but very small.

For something else must rule our fate,
A power that does not abate.
A sacred force must always be,
The voice of all eternity.



On our long, endangered ride,
We must forgo all earthly pride.
For just as we know not our source,
Beyond this life, an unknown course.

As as we treat our fellow beings,
Respect is more than it oft' seems.
To help them live, freed from strife,
This peace we seek, for mortal life.



17



In lands of ink and secrets deep,
There lies a tale, a mystery to keep.
Of a girl with fire in her eyes,
And a dragon's mark, her silent cries.

Her skin adorned, a tapestry bold,
A dragon's tattoo, her story untold.
In each stroke, a whisper of pain,
An inked defiance, a soul to reclaim.

But beware if you should cross her path,
For she's a tempest, an aftermath.
The dragon's fire within her burns,
A force untamed, in one who yearns.

This is her story, forever tattooed,
The girl with the dragon, fierce and shrewd.
She dances with shadows, a fearless art,
A symbol of strength, a tale to impart.



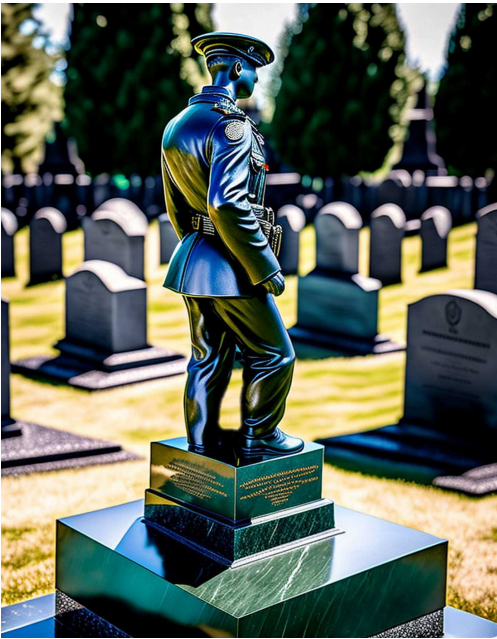


Women and serpents sometimes entwine,
An alliance oft' used by myth to define,
Deceiver or guardian, depending on place,
Feared or revered, by the whole human race.

For some, Nagini emerges with grace,
A serpent queen that one should embrace.
In winding rivers, her powers unfold,
Guardian of treasure, so wise and so bold.

Far to the west, Eden's garden was found,
A place where earthly delights did abound.
A serpent whispered, of fruit that was banned,
And Eve led Adam, from that promised land.

Why does this subject enter our minds?
The serpent's enigma, the unknown it binds.
A slithering creature, thought so profound,
By coil or tongue, deep meanings are found.



Those conscripted have no voice,
To live or die, they have no choice.
Rounded up, sent to the front,
They have no name, but only *grunt*.

The cause is great, we have been told,
This noble quest, for greater gold.
So brave, these voices from the rear,
As all the gods of war they cheer.

For those who watch, there's only shame,
They never think they are to blame.
It never comes into their head,
There is no way to thank the dead.

All this horror might make some sense,
If we had no choice in these events.
But war could end, if we had takers,
And not a void, of blest peace makers.

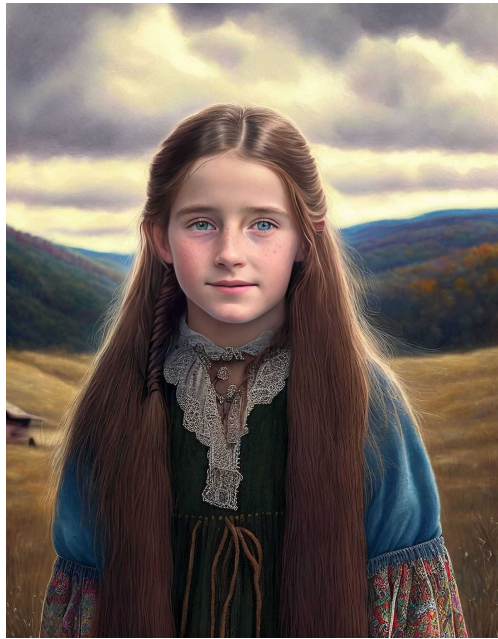


Far below, the Kraken creep,
These creatures of the ocean deep.
A monster that haunts all who sail,
And sinks their ships, should it prevail.

Its massive bulk, a fearsome mound,
Can rise from depths without a sound.
To capture ships and sailors brave,
And drag them to a watery grave.

Its eyes are orbs of glowing light
To pierce the deep's eternal night,
Its tentacles, like chains of steel,
Crush and rend all that they feel.

Beware the seas where Kraken dwell,
For their attack, one cannot quell.
The hunger of this fearsome beast,
Is something that will never cease.



21



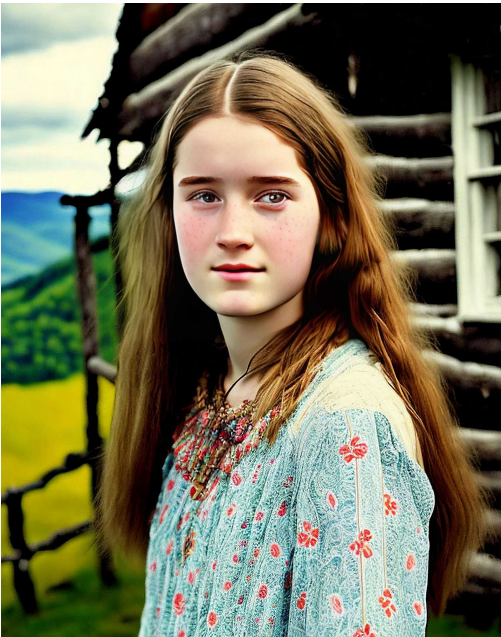
The Shenandoah flowed clear and fast,
In antebellum times, long past.
And in this place, far from the sea,
Becky Powder came to be.

Becky was a curious sort,
A leader in her young cohort.
She roamed the valley, far and wide,
To greet each stranger, in her stride.

Her family was a hardy band,
And they all lived, right off the land.
As her training was proficient,
Becky grew up self-sufficient.

But life itself can be so strange,
And war can bring unwanted change.
So Becky's youth would one day end,
As her life's journey did begin.



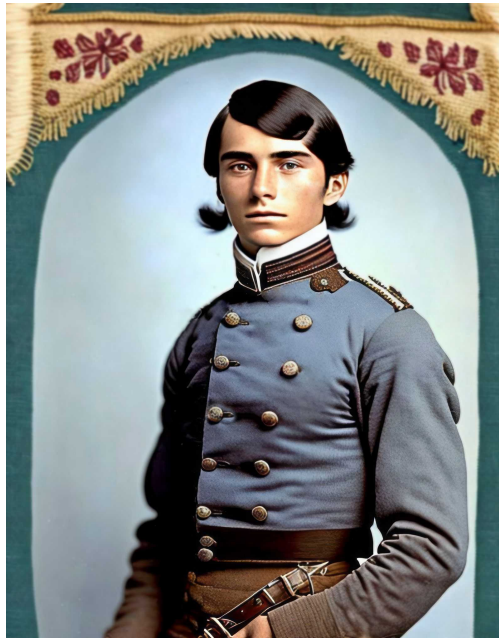
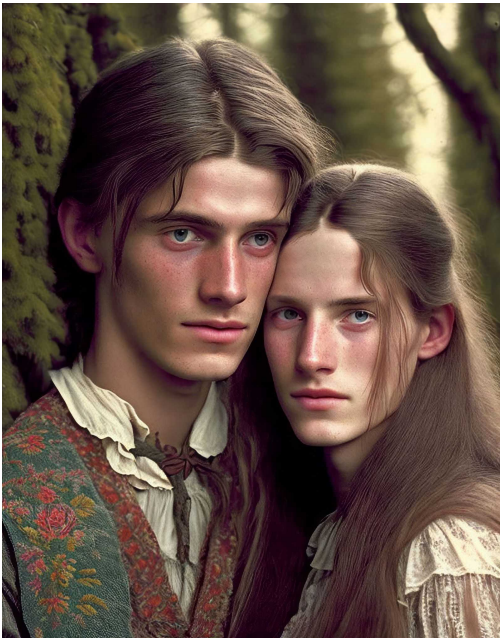


There was a time, when I was young,
When mountain tales oft' were sung,
Amazing grace, from high above,
And soulful songs, of long lost love.

Down in the valley, I did grow,
And there was one, I came to know.
From that shining mountain bower,
I remember Becky Powder.

Soon family moved, out to the West,
For we sought peace, and not unrest.
But mem'ry keeps our thoughts entwined,
So I returned, this tale to find.

Now Will Ledford is my name.
And writing is my life-long game.
So hear my tale, of Becky Powder,
Born long ago, a mountain's daughter.



23



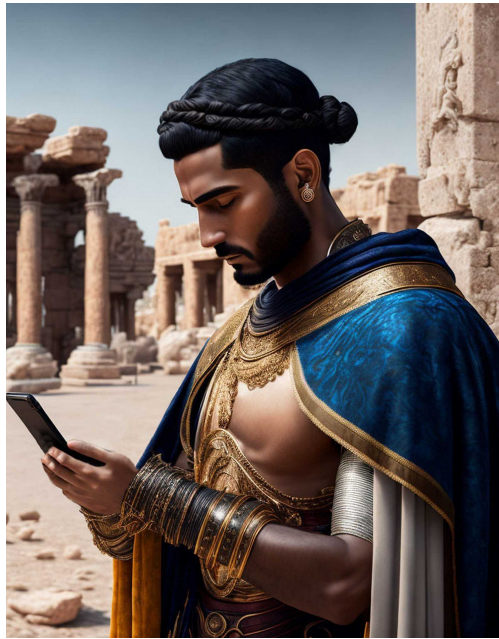
Like all those she lived among,
Becky Powder married young,
Wed her true love, Matthew Trace,
A young lad of her mountain place.

As days of spring grew ever long,
Matt and Becky sang their song.
They never tired of their days,
For both were fond of mountain ways.

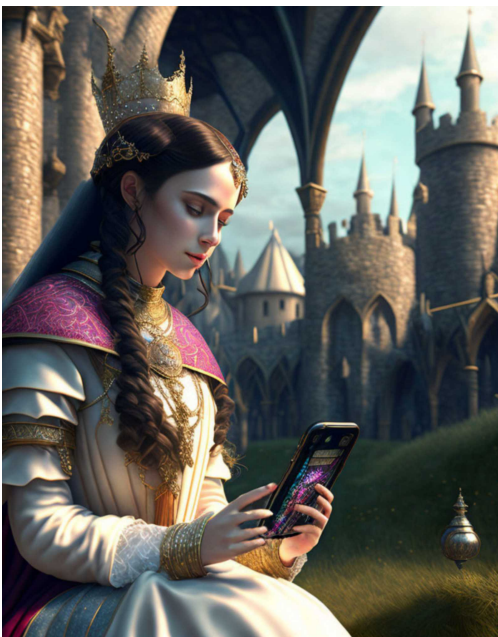
But summer heat brought stormy skies,
The sounds of war, its distant cries,
And Matthew now was of the age,
When youth is lost to war's cruel rage.

When autumn leaves began to fall,
Matthew's company took the call.
Then Becky left her mountain keep,
As rain fell hard, and skies did weep.





24



In a world of screens and constant pings,
Where texting reigns and the phone line sings,
People walk with heads held low,
Their phones in hand, they can't let go.

They text at breakfast, lunch, and dinner,
In meetings, classes, and at the cinema,
No moment spared from their attention,
Their phones become their true extension.

They're glued to screens, their eyes aglow,
Unaware of the world that passes them slow,
Walking into poles, stumbling on stairs,
Blissfully oblivious to others' stares.

They text their friends while sitting beside,
A conversation lost, but it can't be denied,
That virtual bond, so strong and fast,
Their real-life presence forever surpassed.



25

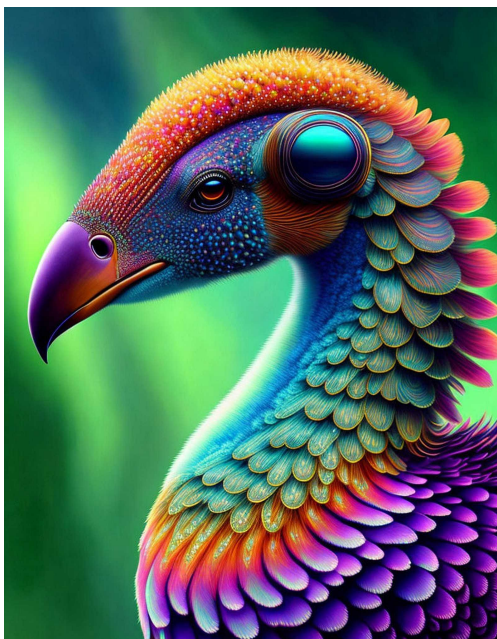


Time has swallowed the mystical gleam,
Of crystalline vision, a forgotten dream.
Yet whispers persist, in tales that are told,
Of magic they held, of futures foretold.

Now hidden they rest, in nature's embrace,
Guarded by roots, their powers encased.
But those with pure hearts, who truly believe,
May stumble upon them, their visions conceive.

So wanderers, seekers, venture with care,
Through forests and ruins, with dreams to bear.
For the crystal balls of old still retain,
The power to guide, to ignite the flame.

Seek out their secrets, embrace the unknown,
Discover the visions, the destinies sown.
For these magical orbs are lost, but not gone,
And their gift of vision, yet may be drawn.



Each creature we see is just one sign,
Of the real purpose behind each design.
And the game that is played can be simply seen,
For each gene that exists was born of a gene.

The gene by itself is a linear code,
Four letters in order, a sequence to hold.
But more than this, it must be in a place,
Where it can survive, and then be replaced.

There is but one rule for a winning fate,
That is to survive, and then propagate.
And a gene by itself cannot follow life's stream.
It must recombine, to join the best team.

That team itself must hold the best plan,
To manage the whole, where each gene has command.
But nothing that lives can remain the same,
And even genes change, to stay in life's game.



Behold warrior queens of far Tarim,
Both fierce and regal, it might seem.
They ruled with courage and desire,
Their hearts aflame with passion's fire.

Tamara the Wise, of mountain realm,
Her sword unsheathed, foes overwhelmed,
Built Karnak, home of emerald fountains,
And ruled from high, in Caucasus mountains.

Zarina, too, with piercing eyes,
A noble queen, of warrior guise,
With bow in hand, and deadly aim,
Her arrows fell, each kindling flame.

And Sonya, an enchantress fair,
Wed Ajax bold, her lover there.
With ancient arts, she wove her spells,
To protect Tarim from lowland Kells.





The greatest trees grow all alone,
Far from their crowded woodland home.
They spread their branches to the sky,
With none to block their path, on high.

Just how they got to this lone place,
A tale of deeds, time doth erase.
Some carried there by human hand,
Some blown like drifting grain, or sand.

In time they come to shelter all,
With leaves that shade, and leaves that fall.
For all who come, a cooling grace,
For those below, a hiding place.

As centuries pass, they still exist,
In forest deeps, where they persist.
Dropping branches, large and small,
Gaunt and hollow, as they fall.



29



Lands once claimed by human hives,
Where houses once seemed so alive,
Now lie abandoned and forlorn,
As nature claims what time has torn.

For wood decays and steel corrodes,
Recycling all of our abodes,
Those machines and structures grand,
Fall to time's relentless hand.

For nature knows our cruel abuse,
Our claims to own, and each misuse,
But all this time does nature wait,
For it will last, beyond our fate.

Glories won, our greatest dreams,
All but ripples in the stream,
We cling to them as long we may,
'Til nature comes to have her way.



30



In Bosworth fields, where two kings fought,
Richard's kingdom came to naught.
Henry Tudor claimed that day,
As Richard's cause some did betray.

Richard came to power by a feat,
Of cruelest treachery, and deceit.
When heirs of Edward disappeared,
Richard ruled, and he was feared.

Shakespeare wrote of Richard's horse,
Lost in battle, no recourse.
The hunchback king, whose soul was dread,
Fell to the ground, skull crushed and dead.

Some said his bones were scattered wide,
That no grave marked where they reside.
But beneath a parking lot in Leicester,
Was found the place where Richard festered.

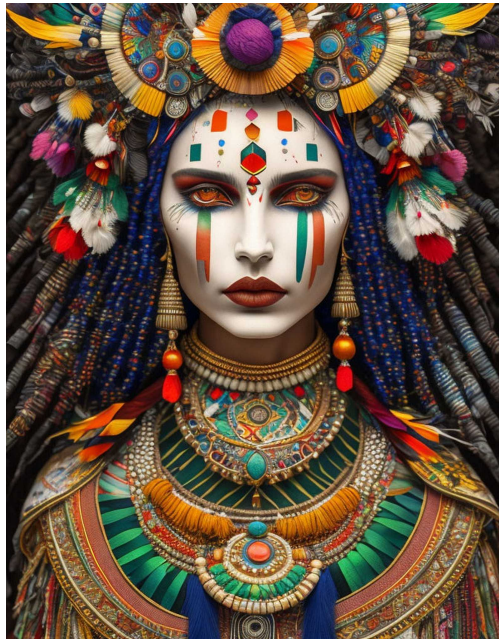


In the post-war era, when folks were humbler,
They bought the kits called paint-by-number.
With oil applied to numbered spaces,
The many sought art's finer graces.

For those who could a work complete,
Saw in this a wondrous feat,
Something framed and hung up high,
Where all could only look and sigh.

But winds of change and fickle time,
Led brush and board to its decline.
And though a few may still display,
Paint-by-number soon gave way.

Yet oil is a lasting kind,
And if an heirloom you might find,
You would still see those colors bright,
Each by the number, painted right.



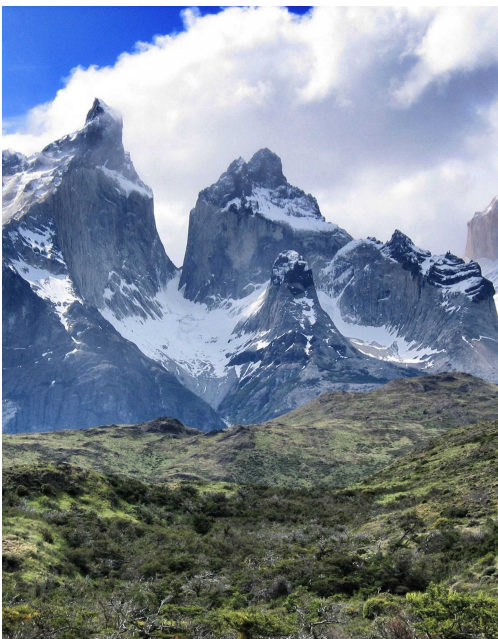
In far Karoo, where time stands still,
Live ladies with creative skill,
For with an art they learn to do,
They decorate with paint and glue.

Their days devoid of all routine,
They often meet, to paint and preen.
And the one who does this best of all,
Becomes their queen, every fall.

The pigments that they find, so rare,
They grind with oil and great care.
And from the trees of far Karoo,
They make a special kind of glue.

But all of this is not delight,
For contests are a kind of fight.
Yet this is not a vain pursuit,
For winners claim a lot of loot.



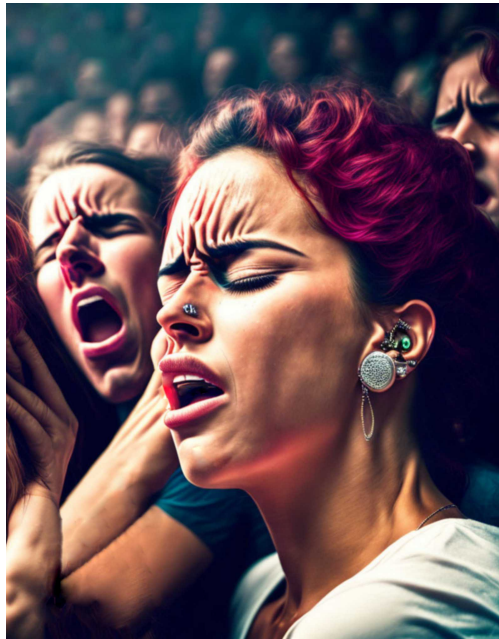


Chile, long and narrow land,
Where once Allende played his hand,
From north to south along the sea,
From desert sand to mountains free.

The mighty Andes' evening glow,
Reveals a cold sea far below,
Northward, Humboldt's current flows,
Where cooler offshore winds do blow.

High up on the mountains' slope,
Llamas and Alpacas cope,
Wearing coats of woolen hair,
So that cold place cannot impair.

And to the south there is a gate,
Known only as Magellan's strait,
For that explorer found this place,
Ere Mactan ended his life's race.

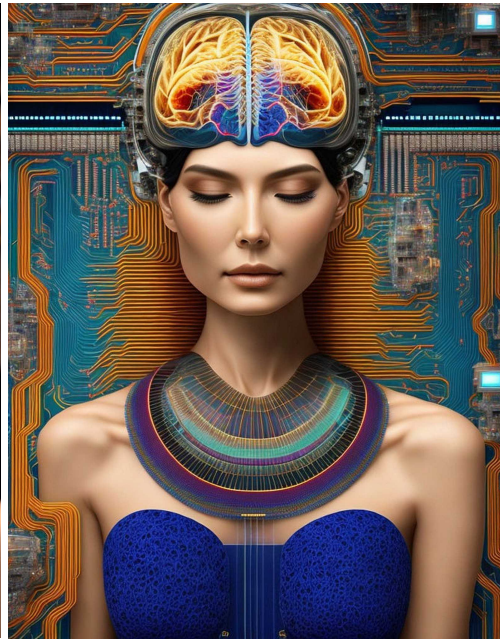


Sound, a gift meant to inform,
As noise, becomes our social norm.
A major source of urban blight,
Machines are grinding day and night.

Where dolphins swim deep in the sea,
Our radar brings insanity.
For whales and dolphins need their sound,
To see the creatures, all around.

On each side we have an ear,
A tool, by which sound's place we hear.
Each well-tuned for sounds of choice,
For singing birds and thoughtful voice.

But we may yet find a solution,
For what we know as noise pollution,
To improve the sound that our ears measure,
These rhythmic changes in air pressure.



35

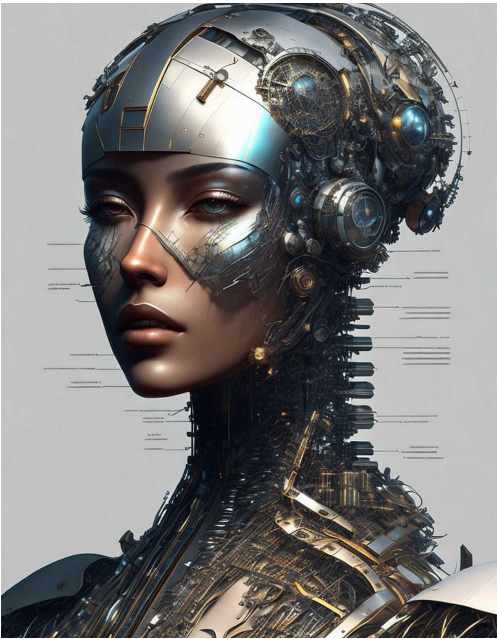


Beyond the worlds that we can see,
Lies a great infinity,
The Cyborgi embrace this place,
Where dreams that come, do not erase.

The Cyborgi were human too,
Just as slow as me and you,
But now they can go anywhere,
So instantly, without a care.

To earn our way, we have vocations.
To see new things, we take vacations.
The Cyborgi just dream and think,
So fast and far, through cyberlinks.

Though we can see, with but two eyes,
Little can we visualize.
What we learn, takes far too long.
Yet flip the switch, and we belong.



36



A fate long ordained by man's endless quest,
The cyborgs were built, to join man and tech.
With metal and sinew, built to embrace,
Perfection was sought, a mechanical race.

Faster and faster, the cyborgs advanced,
With better parts, their performance enhanced.
With each passing moment, they shed their old skin,
Shattering limits, as new chapters begin.

Each cog and wire, refined with precision,
Supplanted the human, an easy decision,
No longer constrained by biology's plight,
Cyborgs improved, with more digital might.

For all that was lost in this march of machines,
A revelation appeared on the digital screens,
That even in progress, a price must be paid,
For humanity's place, forever to fade.



A party once ventured, to walk through through the sand,
Seeking treasures long hidden, in a far desert land.
Their spirits strong, their hearts filled with hope,
But so unaware of the Eye's cruel abode.

As they pressed forward, thirst clawed at their throat,
The desert transformed, surreal and remote.
The Eye, mischievous, painted illusions in sand,
A shimmering oasis, a water-filled land.

Entranced by mirage, they quickened their pace,
Not aware of the Eye's all-knowing embrace.
But as they drew closer, the vision was gone,
Leaving them stranded, lost and alone.

The wicked Eye laughed, its presence revealed,
And summoned a tempest, a furious shield.
Its river of sand, that made dunes to flow,
So blinded and buried, those who traveled below.



There dwell goddesses, so divine,
Protectors of Earth, in every vine.
Gaia, the mother, holds the key,
To the garden of life, for all to see.

Aphrodite, goddess of love and desire,
Fills the Earth with passion's fire.
Artemis, fierce huntress of the wild,
With her bow and arrow, unbeguiled.

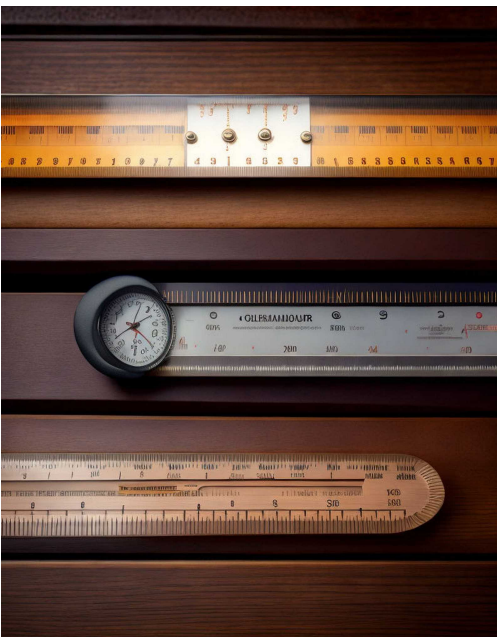
Demeter, goddess of harvest and growth,
Blessed the fields with her sacred oath.
Hecate, guardian of crossroads and night,
Guides lost souls towards the cosmic light.

In every flower and gentle breeze,
Goddesses whisper their ancient decrees.
Remind us to cherish this sacred land,
Resting within the palm of their hand.





39



In this realm of life's most intricate dance,
A tapestry woven with precision and chance,
We measure each step, by a yardstick's embrace,
As it marks all our days, our every race.

From birth, we're counted, weighed, and timed,
Measured by milestones as we grow, so defined.
In inches and pounds, we're neatly assessed,
Marking our progress, feeling duly impressed.

On the horizon, a judgement day looms,
Where deeds are tested, our worth to presume.
But can we fathom, with measures so thin,
The depths of a soul, the battles within?

The touch of a hand, not measured in force,
The comfort of friends, no scale can endorse.
The depth of our thought, unfettered by graphs,
In these intangible realms, true beauty laughs.



In life's grand theater, upon a vast stage,
We wander as players, with roles to engage.
Actors we are, in this intricate dance,
Crafting illusion, through each circumstance.

Each day unfolds as a script yet unwritten,
With characters woven, destinies smitten.
We don our masks, assuming our part,
Seeking the essence of truth in each heart.

Our supporting cast, a tapestry diverse,
Each bringing flavor, a color, a verse.
Their stories intertwine, harmonize, and clash,
Adding depth to the drama, the tension they hatch.

So let us perform with passion and grace,
In this theater called life, where dreams interlace.
For our stage may be vast, the script ever-changing,
But the essence within, defies rearranging.

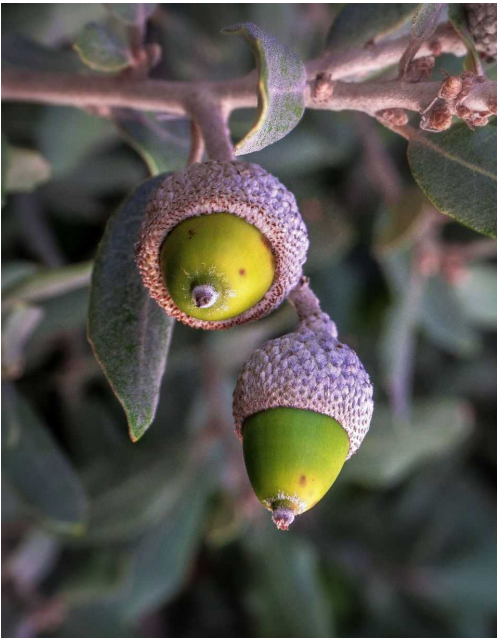


Of all the directions known to our mind,
The inward and outward is hardest to find,
A difficult thought, for our imagination,
But something we understand, as emanation.

From within this cosmos of order untold,
Emerges the Lotus, as petals unfold.
From the deep center, all beauties arise,
A symphony of balance, where energy lies.

The Lotus, a master of divine design,
With petals, eight-fold, like gems aligned,
From the core's sacred wellspring, all unfurl,
An ancient pattern, a symmetrical swirl.

In each petal's emergence, a lesson profound,
As within ourselves, the center is found.
To emanate harmony, with balanced reflection,
And reveal our true nature, in every direction.



The way to raise trees is to just let them grow,
As each makes its own seed, to drop far below.
Whether carried by wind, or buried by squirrels,
Each seed germinates, with leaves to unfurl.

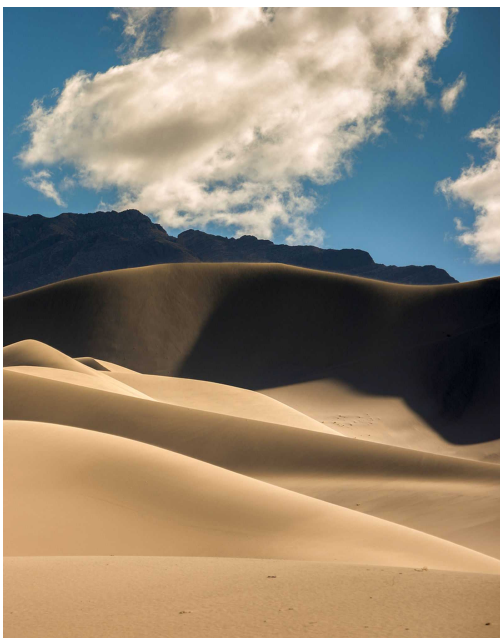
For each tree is a parent, a lord in its place,
And the kind of its seeds, one cannot replace.
Of the many seeds dropped, only few can survive,
As others make food, for a forest alive.

With great variation in success that they find,
Genes that survive tend to be better kinds.
Through nature's game of striving and chance,
Only the strongest can win in this forest dance.

But man buys his trees from a far distant place,
As he landscapes his lot, the forest erased.
Thus the spectre of man brings unnatural selection,
So losers can win, as the strong face rejection.



43

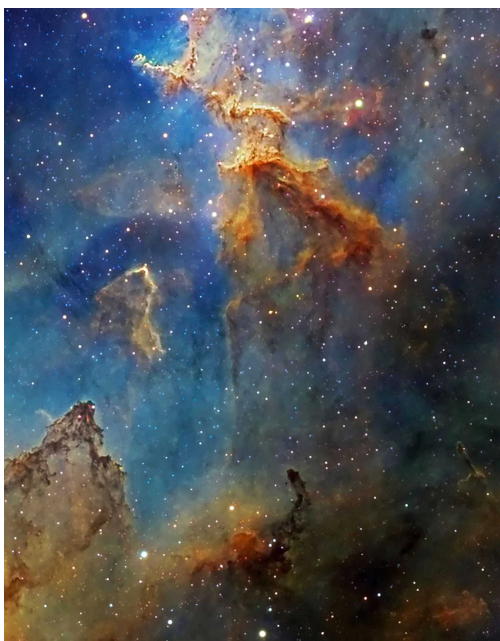


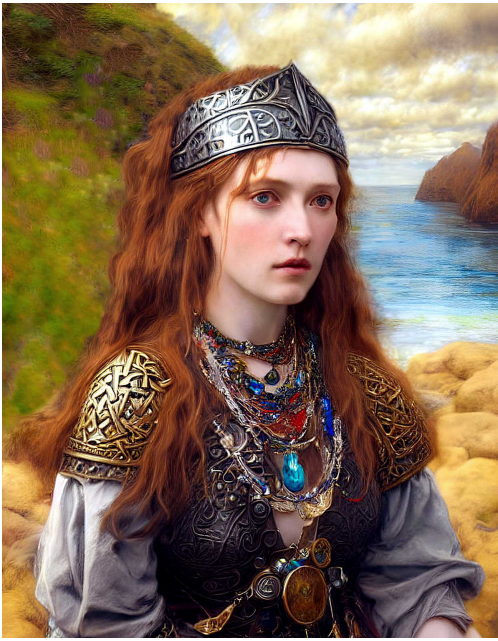
Infinity is our strangest reach,
More than grains of sand on the longest beach.
Yet a line of infinite length, we find,
Can be infinitely small, at the same time.

For any one number, there is one larger still,
So the series of numbers is as long as you will.
But pick just two numbers, as close as can be,
Then numbers between sum to infinity.

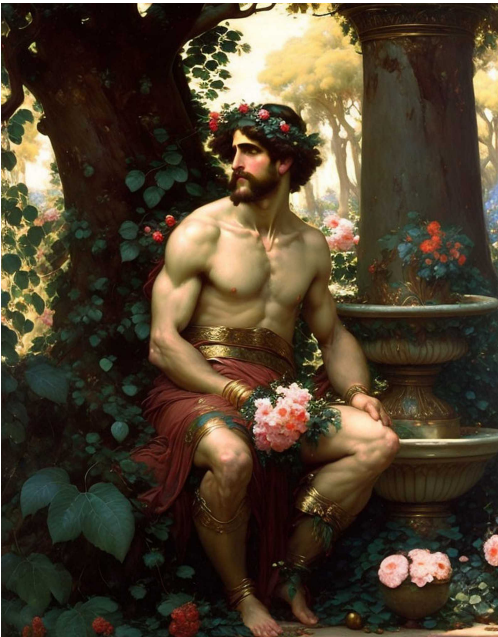
But infinity, we find, is stranger yet,
For each number we find owns an infinite set,
But not just one, but all that you need,
For the set of infinite sets is infinite, indeed.

To find the unbounded, it's not hard to try,
Just look at one number, the ratio called π ,
For no pattern of digits can ever be found,
As their infinite sequence we try to expound.





44



When Pre-Raphaelites emerged, they yearned,
To break the molds, where convention burned.
Their brushstrokes, impassioned, imbued with zeal,
To bring us life's essence, raw and real.

With reverence for nature and intricate detail,
They wove symbolism, their stories to unveil.
Yet neoclassical foundations held them tight,
Guiding their quest, in their airy flight.

With intertwined vines and blooming flowers,
The neoclassical spirit found solace in bowers.
With Ovidian myths and Arthurian lore,
They melded the ancient with modern, and more.

As if guided by Apollo's radiant beam,
The Pre-Raphaelites revived the neoclassical dream.
Through their canvas and verse, a testament,
To the timeless beauty that both traditions present.



45

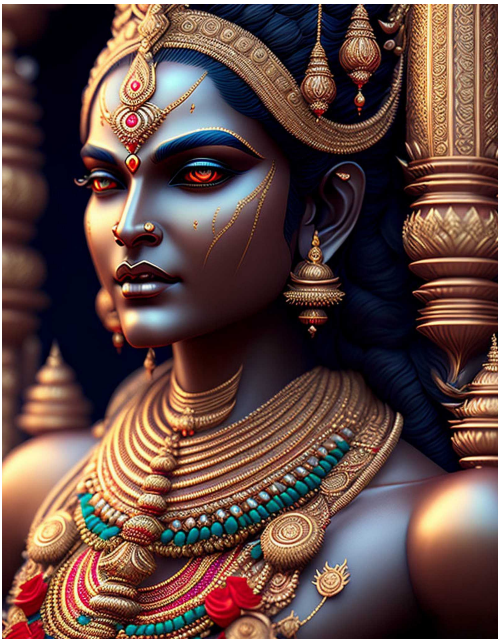
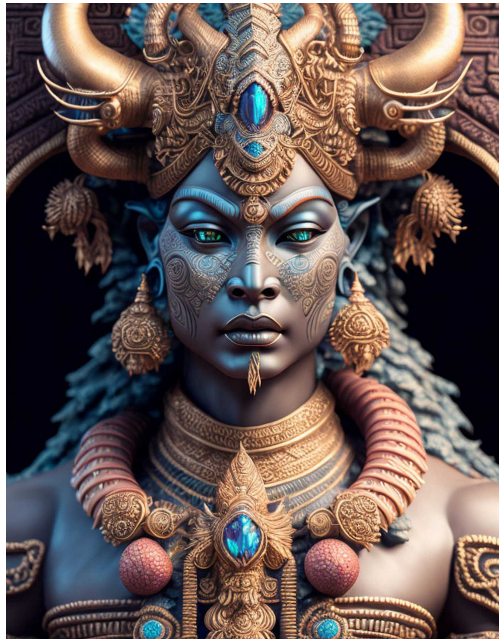


In a distant realm of sordid pools,
Rest the souls of knaves and fools,
Where spirits dwell in a cruel place,
That they mistake for heaven's grace.

For all these souls know but deceit,
In life, as in eternity.
And so, in water cold as ice,
They think they have found paradise.

But here there are no sunny ponds,
Guiding lights, angelic swans.
For this is but a place of blight,
No starry skies, just darker night.

And yet as souls do drift and grope,
One thing remains, and that is hope.
For should one find a better way,
Another chance may come, one day.



Good is the side we choose to show,
As evil hides, so far below.
For evil, hard to comprehend,
A message we wish not to send.

Perhaps we just cannot believe,
That evil is the way of thieves,
Yet in the tales that fill the air,
Good fights evil, everywhere.

One wonders, if this is a bane,
Why then, does evil entertain?
Perhaps the mind needs a vacation,
With tales of woe, annihilation.

Our demons do personify,
As they appear, to horrify,
Something from a deeper urge,
We need to see, that we might purge.



This audience, for ball and gown,
On evenings comes to London town.
That is one place where they can preen,
In dresses thought fit for a queen.

On the square are none so true,
As these ladies of virtue,
For they move in quiet grace,
Through this very public place.

Yet here we can yet find intrigue,
As hearts yearn more than they do speak,
Filled with a need to find their place,
In society, so filled with lace.

Status may play out in patter,
Yet ladies speak of things that matter,
For in their words, and without pause,
Comes support for every cause.

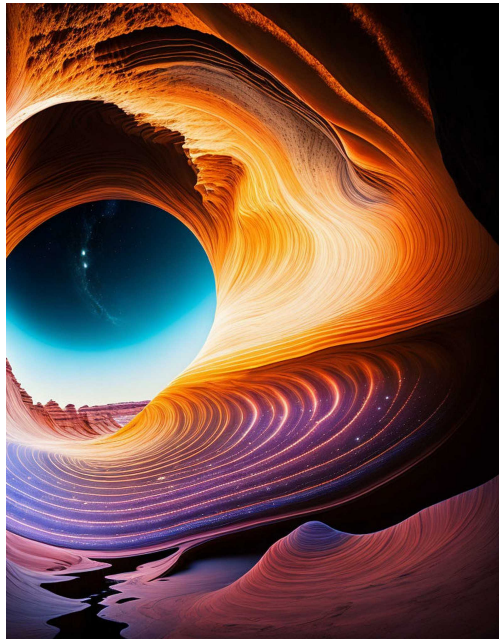


In every crevice of the sea,
Dwell creatures made of pure jelly,
With colors bright they do prevail,
Yet they hide, neath darkness' veil.

They have no need for bone or shell,
In that dark place, wherein they dwell.
For they are made of seas' own stuff,
And that has made them tough enough.

Don't let the softness lead astray,
For theirs is yet a deadly way,
When swimming creatures find their place,
Those very lives, they do erase.

Out of sight, they propagate.
And, tho' they seem to vegetate,
These are really animals,
Drifting in the ocean swells.

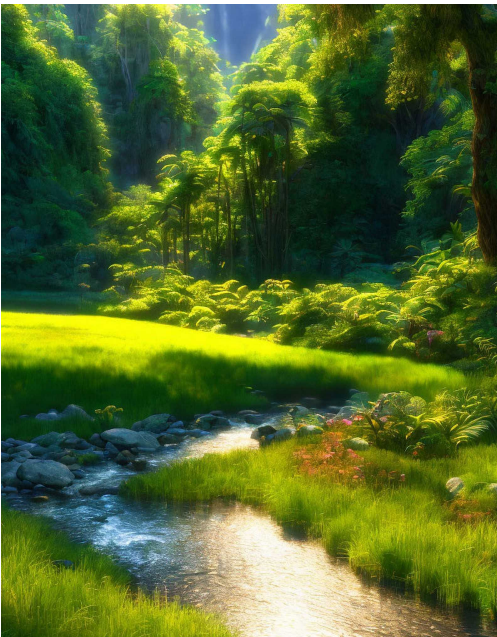
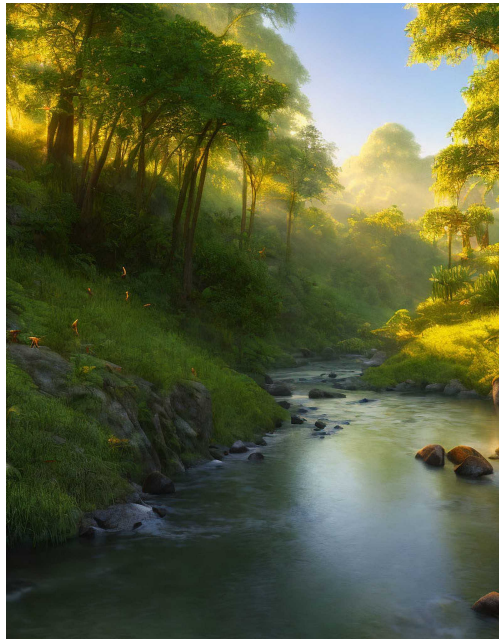


The rift leaves ripples, far and wide,
As souls pass to the other side.
For most this comes as but a breeze,
For those attuned, a chilling freeze.

For some have lived, out on the edge,
And yet survived that deadly ledge.
When they return to life's sweet lies,
They may yet hear the haunting cries.

It seems, the ones who have no care,
Heed not those voices, in the air.
In truth, they have no gift to hear,
For none have seen the rift we fear.

But some do sense, near or afar,
This doorway to the rift ajar,
A place of terror, of weapons massed,
Where ripples spread, from those who passed.



The well of thought, a deep abode,
Where words arise, a steady load.
All the things that we call verse,
Come from inside, as we converse.

Yet life is hard, and minds do break,
A sudden thing, like an earthquake,
That leaves behind some deep drawn care,
Far from the mind, so unaware.

These are the ones who need relief,
As thoughts, incessant, bring them grief.
And of those thoughts, the hardest yet,
Are those that bring us deep regret.

The hardest thing for us to know,
Is how to let those dark thoughts go.
We can rebuild our conversation,
But not by forcing thought cessation.